

## A Slip of the Tongue

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## A Slip of the Tongue

by [ALPHAwolf](#)

### Summary

One step forward, ten steps back.

### Notes

A super short one 'cause I have writers block at the mo.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Impure and impatient sounds filled the Marauders' dorm as the crimson drapes of James's bed frame were yanked aside.

The chaser stumbled back onto the mattress as he tore his lover's pants down, Severus sitting straight in his lap once he had kicked them aside. James's hands were full of the Slytherin's arse as they continued to make out heatedly, tearing off what was left of one another's clothes as the two fell back into the sheets.

James threw the last of the young wizard's robes aside and crawled naked on top of him, his eyes raking over the thin teen with ravenous hunger. It was the first time he'd ever really seen him smile so freely, his raven hair splayed like shadows curling against the maroon pillow. Snape's obsidian irises had become indistinguishable from his blown pupils as he pulled Potter down for another wet kiss.

Finally, with everyone down at Hogsmeed for the day they would be able to get beyond sneaky

humping sessions in the halls, hand jobs in the showers, and oral in the library. Finally, he had Severus naked in his bed. His actual bed, to have proper sex. It left him deliriously blissed, especially with how heady he'd become from their endless string of messy lip locking.

"Merlin," James whispered breathily, "I love you." The words slipped out like a gasp of wind without even a thought as his mouth latched onto the other's lithe, suddenly tense neck.

"... *What?*" Severus had frozen up, and oh shit that was not a happy '*what*'. James stilled, realizing what he'd said as the Slytherin began to gently push him away. His smile had completely dissipated.

"Ur, I... rub you?" The Gryffindor replied hesitantly, but Severus only gave him a look of utter disbelief. He wasn't given another chance to explain himself as the noirette began to crawl out from under him.

"Oh come on Sev!" James tried to grab for the other as he slithered away but his thin wrist slipped right out of the chaser's hold, and he was left laying bare and alone on the sheets as the other quickly snatched up all his clothes and hastily yanked them on. "It was just a slip of the tongue!" He defended as the teen scampered away like a startled doe. "Babe wait!"

The door slammed shut behind the half dressed Slytherin, and James groaned as his head fell into the pillows.

*Fuck.*

## End Notes

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